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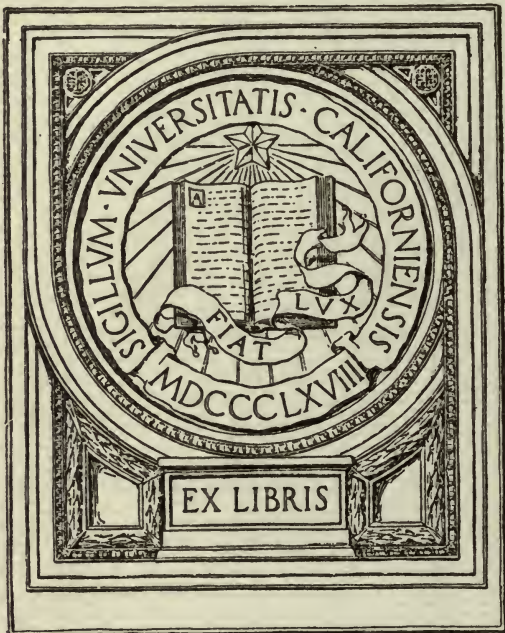
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DANIEL WHEELER



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DANIEL WHEELER.



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FRIENDS ANCIENT AND MODERN.

No. 9.

DANIEL WHEELER

BY

AUGUSTUS DIAMOND, B.A.

Published for the Friends' Tract Association.

London:

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CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE.

Born, in London	-	-	-	-	-	1771
Death of his father	-	-	-	-	-	1778
Death of his mother	-	-	-	-	-	1783
Went to sea	-	-	-	-	-	1784
Entered the Navy	-	-	-	-	-	1786
Enlisted as a soldier	-	-	-	-	-	1792
Served in Flanders	-	-	-	-	-	1794
Sailed for the West Indies	-	-	-	-	-	1795
Conversion, at sea	-	-	-	-	-	1795
Left the Army	-	-	-	-	-	1796
Joined the Society of Friends, in Sheffield	-	-	-	-	-	1799
Married Jane Brady	-	-	-	-	-	1800
Recorded a Minister	-	-	-	-	-	1816
Invited by Emperor of Russia to St. Petersburg	-	-	-	-	-	1817
Removed with his family to Russia	-	-	-	-	-	1818
Resigned his appointment there	-	-	-	-	-	1832
His wife's death, and illness of family	-	-	-	-	-	1832
Liberated by the Society of Friends to visit South Sea Islands, etc., with the Gospel	-	-	-	-	-	1832
Left for this Missionary journey in the <i>Henry Freeling</i>	-	-	-	-	-	1834
Arrived in London, and visited his family in Russia	-	-	-	-	-	1838
Sailed to New York, and attended various Yearly Meetings of Friends	-	-	-	-	-	1839
Returned to England, and thence to his son's death-bed in France	-	-	-	-	-	1839
Sailed again for America	-	-	-	-	-	1840
Died in New York	-	-	-	-	-	1840

CHAPTER I.

WE are thankful for the biographies we have in the Bible—men and women of like passions with ourselves standing out as examples for us in faith and love and good works. And, as we read about the men and women of our own time who, like those in Hebrews xi., have “through faith . . . wrought righteousness, obtained promises,” and “out of weakness were made strong,” we feel encouraged and strengthened to bear our witness to the saving and keeping grace of God. But we naturally have a specially warm corner in our hearts for some of our Quaker worthies—those who, as members of our own Society, have not only borne testimony to the common “salvation,” but also to the value of those distinguishing principles which mark us out as distinct from Christians in other branches of the Church of Christ.

One of these worthies, who wins our love and excites our interest in a special degree, is Daniel Wheeler, who was born in London on the 27th November, 1771, and so reached manhood just at one of the greatest crises of the world's history—the epoch of the French Revolution and the Napoleonic wars. And the circumstances of his life were such that he was in himself a reflection of his stormy surroundings. The marvel of his life was

that in his case the storm and tempest—the fighting and the sinning—the warfare without and within—gave place to the beautiful calm of a soul at peace with God and man.

Daniel Wheeler's parents were members of the Church of England, and in a good position. He lost them, however, when he was quite young, his father dying when Daniel was about seven years old, and his mother, whom he speaks of as "a woman of large capacity, combining great sweetness with firmness of mind" when he was twelve. For a time the eldest son, William, carried on the wine business which had been a profitable one under his father's management, but he soon fell into bad habits, and the business had to be sold, and the family was scattered. Daniel remained for a time with the new owners; but later on a merchant who had long been a friend of the family offered him a situation on board a ship which was sailing to Oporto. This offer he readily accepted, and soon went on board. In after-life he spoke strongly of the dangerous character of the trade he was thus delivered from, proving, as it often did, fatal to the character and health of young men engaged in it. But he soon found that a seafaring life was not without its temptations for the young; and he had not yet received that new life that preserves its possessor from them.

On his return to London a second time he found that his friends had procured for him a position as midshipman on board a ship of war. This was considered to be an advance, but, he writes in his narrative, "the

change, however specious in appearance at the time, was to me but as an introduction to a school which is not often equalled, and but seldom surpassed, for vice and immorality."

On his first voyage he experienced a providential escape from shipwreck,—“ the dawn of day discovering to us just in time the small island of Grasholm, towards which the vessel was drifting in a direct course, and already within a short distance of the breakers.” After a little more than fourteen months spent on this cruiser, he was transferred to a ship of the line, where the temptations were still greater. Whilst thus placed, the Spirit of God was dealing with him, but he neglected the heavenly voice. He remained six years in the navy. His ship was then paid off, and he resolved to stay on shore ; finally, having spent his money and fallen into poverty, he enlisted as a common soldier. This was in 1792, a year of great unrest in Ireland, and before long his regiment was ordered thither. His conduct soon obtained him promotion, with more liberty and better pay as its result. As a consequence, he writes, “ I soon began to take my swing in every inordinate gratification to which I was naturally propense, and in which an extensive metropolis furnished ample opportunity to indulge : thus adding sin to sin, and making farther woful work for repentance.”

After leaving Dublin, his regiment was ordered to the Continent to join the British army in Hanover, under the command of the Duke of York. Then began sufferings and hardships which made all that he had hitherto

endured seem light :—" I was without covering over my head," he writes, " and with no couch but the earth, and that, at times, soaked with wet ; harassed with fatiguing marches night after night, with little rest by day, amidst hunger and thirst, being often short of food for days together, and occasionally no water to be had without digging a well to procure it, to avoid the unwholesome waters of the stagnant pools." The Allies were quite outmatched by the French generals ; their tactics were slow and old-fashioned, while the French cared nothing for precedent ; dissensions also arose, and the English had to retreat. As recent events have shown, fraud always thrives on war, and the soldier suffers. It was the same (on Hume and Smollett's authority) a hundred years ago. " Though government had provided amply for their sustenance and comfort, they were left without clothing and food ; and the sick were not properly attended to. . . Numerous deaths were the consequence ; and the unfortunates sent to the military hospital were doomed to know the most exquisite distress."

Daniel Wheeler was amongst the invalids, constant exposure having brought on a serious attack of fever, during which he heard one of the surgeons who attended him in the hospital at Rhenin, say, " He will not want anything long." But God had work for him that he dreamt not of. Wild and wayward as he was, he was yet " a chosen vessel," destined, like Saul of Tarsus, " to bear my name before the Gentiles and kings." Slowly regaining strength he joined the retreating British force,

early in 1795. The intensity of the frost became so great that it was impossible to bury the dead. The soldiers had little but black bread and spirits ; and under these conditions the weary march was continued until at last the survivors reached the banks of the Weser, where a British fleet awaited them. The inhabitants of Bremen received them with the greatest kindness and sympathy. Those who had known what it was to suffer for want of all things were now comfortably housed, and provided not only with necessaries but with luxuries.

In the autumn of 1795, Daniel Wheeler obtained a commission in a regiment destined for the West Indies, and sailed with the expedition under Sir Ralph Abercrombie. It was a very stormy passage ; several vessels foundered, and numbers of the troops perished. One remarkable circumstance made a strong impression on his mind. His vessel was very crowded, being a fine one, and he proposed to a friend to change on to a collier. This they did in spite of ridicule. The same evening a hurricane arose, and the vessel they had quitted was never heard of afterwards. Speaking, later on in life, of his conversion, he said, that he could not remember any outward means having been employed, unless it was this storm during which his mind was deeply affected, and when he was enabled to see the remedy for sin. He added : “ I was at this time convinced of Friends’ principles, they being neither more nor less, in my estimation, than pure Christianity. I remember when the Friends visited me on my application for membership, I told them I was convinced at sea ; for I verily

believed, in looking back, that this had been the case ; no human means were made use of ; it was altogether the immediate work of the Holy Spirit upon my heart."

Feeling, like the early Christians, that war and Christianity were utterly opposed to each other, he resolved at once to leave the army, and did so in the early part of 1796.

When the Wheeler family was scattered, Daniel's sister Barbara went to live with her guardian, a clergyman, on the borders of Yorkshire and Derbyshire, where she met and married William Hoyland, a Friend of Woodhouse.*

According to the rules of the Society of Friends at that time, and for long afterwards, marriage with an adherent of any other Church cost the Friend his membership. So William Hoyland was disowned. In many cases this resulted in the total alienation of the disowned ones and their families from the Society. With William Hoyland it was not so ; and, in course of time, both husband and wife became Friends.

Barbara Hoyland tells us in her Journal how she went to a Friends' Meeting, and was powerfully impressed by a prayer which expressed her needs exactly, and " was a seal of confirmation to me of spiritual worship . . . and of the efficacy of that living ministry, which, flowing from the pure source, can alone speak to edification."

Into this home, with this spiritual atmosphere, Daniel Wheeler came, when released from his service in the army. Clearly God was guiding his steps, preparing his way, and

* See *Journal of the Friends' Historical Society*, Vol. III., No. 4.

training and fitting him for the great work He had in store for him.

In 1797 he was received into membership with the Society of Friends, and about the same time entered into business in Sheffield in the seed trade. This was a great change from the constant excitement of his previous life; but he set to work with great cheerfulness and diligence, standing day after day behind the counter, taking daily short intervals from his business, in which for years he had no assistance, for reading the Scriptures and for prayer.

On June 13th, 1800, he married Jane Brady, of Thorne, for thirty-two years a true help-meet. Though gentle and retiring in disposition, her love to her Lord endowed her with firmness and moral courage which enabled her to meet calmly the many difficulties and dangers of her life, and to unite with her husband in the various sacrifices he felt called on to make in the service of the Gospel.

One of his sons testifies to the happiness of the home circle, and to the fulness of confidence and love with which his children regarded him—feelings in no wise weakened by their certainty of his steadfast refusal to allow anything opposed to their true and highest welfare.

He taught them the Holy Scriptures, and used daily to read them portions of such Friends' books as they could understand and enjoy. Each evening, too, he went to their rooms, where he would teach them passages of Scripture, and poetry, and commit them in prayer to

the Lord,—a custom which, in these bustling days, we who are fathers too often neglect, or leave to the mothers. His watchful care over them was not lessened as they grew older.

About 1809, he found that his business was increasing, and demanding more of his attention. At the same time, the conviction was growing that he was "saved to serve," though he knew not yet what exact form the service would take. He therefore decided to give up his business, and depend for support on the produce of his farm. To an intimate friend he writes:—"I have still a prospect of maintaining my family comfortably, with care and industry, leaving the event to Him who knows the thoughts and intents of the heart. . . . I have no desire to accumulate riches for my children: the blessing seldom attends it, and the baneful effects thereof are too often visible, even in our Society."

For many years he had believed that he who had been saved "as a brand plucked from the burning" was called to proclaim to others that wonderful grace and love of God which he had proved sufficient for himself. Fear and humility kept him silent awhile, but at length, constrained by the Holy Spirit, he took part in the ministry in his own Meeting, and in 1816 was acknowledged as a recorded Minister of the Society.

CHAPTER II.

DANIEL WHEELER felt clearly that ministry in his own Meeting was far from being all that his Lord was calling him to. He was to go abroad, but to what part was as yet unknown to him. He waited for clear guidance, and, one day, whilst pacing up and down the room, prayed earnestly that the Lord would show him where he was to go. One of his children was in the room putting together a dissected map, and, as his father approached him, his eye rested on St. Petersburg with such a certainty that that was the place, that he never afterwards doubted. He said nothing, however, but waited for the opening which he was sure would come.

The Emperor of Russia had visited England in 1814, and was much struck with the perfection of the English system of farming. His attention had been drawn in several ways to the Society of Friends; and, having concluded to drain and cultivate marshes and waste lands near St. Petersburg, orders were given in 1817 to inquire for a person to superintend the work, and if possible to select a member of the Society of Friends. This information was circulated throughout the Society in England; the day after hearing about it, Daniel Wheeler offered himself for the undertaking, for which his mind had thus been preparing.

His qualifications for the work were all that the Emperor could have desired. He had acquired a high reputation as a tradesman, and then, when he had taken to farming, showed that his talents in that way were of a superior kind. Thus the work was ready for the man, and the man for the work. He went over in the first instance alone to St. Petersburg, to see for himself.

He had a very interesting interview with the Emperor, who agreed with all his suggestions and plans, and also inquired with interest into the principles of the Society of Friends. "My last words," writes Daniel Wheeler, "were the expression of a desire that attended my mind, 'that when time shall rob thee of thy earthly crown, an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled—a crown immortal may be thy happy portion.' He held my hand fast in his for some time, and did not utter another word."

The prospect of leaving England must have been a great trial to Jane Wheeler; but she did not attempt to dissuade her husband, but rather encouraged him to go, wherever the Lord led, and to make any sacrifice for duty's sake.

During the winter Daniel Wheeler was kept busy winding up his affairs in England, and making all the preparations needful for the change of home, for he not only had to take a long journey with all his family, but to provide for years of absence, away from everything English, and to take with him by the Emperor's direction an ample supply of agricultural implements, seeds, and cattle, and everything that might be thought of as wanted in the strange land.

But there was another consideration more important still. He had a family of four sons and two daughters, with whose further education the proposed arrangements threatened seriously to interfere. A schoolmaster whom he consulted generously gave up his apprentice, George Edmundson, to go with him as tutor. He gladly accepted the offer; and George Edmundson accompanied him, and not only continued the education of the family, but gave valuable and unexpected help in the work on the land, through his knowledge of surveying, and his sturdy common-sense and power of turning his hand to anything that was needed. So "all things worked together," and faith met its reward.

At his last visit to Sheffield Meeting, he took leave of his friends, and explained his motives for leaving: "Nearly four years ago, in the vision of that light in which I believe, it was clearly manifested that it would be right for me to remove with my dear family, to that land. . . I am weak and frail; yet in me you behold a monument of His everlasting mercy. He has kept me from the devouring sword; He has preserved me from the raging pestilence, when thousands have fallen by my side; He kept me alive in famine; He saved me from shipwreck, when the deep was ready to overwhelm, and the briny waves to swallow me up;—but, above all, He has showed me His marvellous Truth. . . To His grace, which is able to keep and preserve you alive in the most holy faith, I commend you, together with myself and my dear family,—all that go, and all that stay;

and, in the love of the everlasting gospel, I salute you and affectionately bid you farewell."

On the 22nd June, 1818, they set sail, and settled in their new home at Okta, where arrangements had been made for their comfort by the kind forethought of the Emperor.

It was an excellent house, belonging to Count Bezborodka, and was situated on the bank of the river Neva, nearly opposite the Smolney Monastery. It was of stuccoed brick, and contained twenty-four rooms, with the necessary stables and outbuildings. One room on the ground floor was set apart for Friends' meetings.

Round the yard was a high wall to keep out the wolves at night. The Neva at this point is about half a mile broad. Past the windows floated innumerable barges "laden with hemp, tallow, and provisions from noblemen's estates in the interior, and brought down by the current of the river."

But with the winter all that would cease. Their work must be done before that came. Daniel Wheeler had planned it all out, but had to wait for the arrival of the soldiers who were to work under his superintendence. To begin with he had marked out a plot of 1,000 acres for draining. But hidden tree-trunks made the plough useless; they had to be dug up and removed. At last 300 soldiers arrived; their pay was fixed; long shelves six feet wide, against the wall of a wooden building, formed their beds, and on these they slept, in their clothes, side by side; black bread and onions were their food. And these simple peasants, who had been drawn



SHOOSHARRY.
From an Original Drawing by Charles Wheeler.

from their homes and trained to take life and destroy, were now employed under the Quaker farmer in conquering the difficulties of nature and producing that which should sustain life and bless mankind. Would that all soldiers in every land could be so well employed.

Frequently the Emperor would come to inspect the work, once inviting Daniel into his carriage and afterwards staying to tea with the family. The Empress, too, visited them several times.

For fourteen years Daniel Wheeler and his family stayed and worked in Russia, living a laborious life, and all the time testifying for his Master. Sometimes the family suffered severely from the extreme cold, which even drove the wolves mad. But, by working with forethought and diligence while it was possible, he succeeded in draining 5,700 acres of barren land, of which nearly 4,000 acres were brought into full cultivation, and fifteen farms were let out to tenants who were free peasants, an object-lesson which he hoped would have its effect upon the Russian land-owners who used the forced labour of their serfs.

What this serfdom meant may be seen by the following incident :—“ One of the men addressed George Edmundson, as they met on the land, ‘ Yagor Ivanovitch, is it permitted to go to my master, and ask to have a tooth taken out ? ’ The poor man’s cheek was swollen to double its usual size, his eyes were blood-shot, and his whole appearance denoted great suffering. ‘ Put on thy cap, my friend, in the first place,’ said George, ‘ and then tell me whose tooth thou art talking about.

It is eighty miles to thy master's estate, and I do not know what thou means. Is it thy master's tooth or thy own ? ' ' It is my master's tooth, Yagor Ivanovitch, but it is in this head,' putting his hand up to his cheek. ' I am entirely my master's property, and can do nothing without his leave.' According to the letter of the law, George found this to be correct, but he ventured to take the responsibility of giving permission for the extraction of the offending tooth."*

Another incident may be recorded to show the character of the Russian peasant. It is connected with the annual festival of blessing the waters of the Neva. " It is an important ceremony, and crowds of people assemble to watch the procession of priests of the Greek Church. A hole has previously been cut in the ice which covers the beautiful blue water to the thickness of two or three feet, according to the severity of the season. On reaching the river, a priest, after reading a short portion of Scripture, thrice dips into the stream a hollow cross.

" The priest then dips a bundle of birch twigs into the water and sprinkles all within reach. After this, babies are brought to him by their devoted mothers, who think they will be blessed for life—poor little things—by a plunge into the cold stream.

" The priest this year was unfortunate, or unskilful, enough to lose hold of one little foot, and the strong current quickly carried the babe far away beneath the ice. He lost no time in regrets or apologies, or even consolation, but turned to the bereaved woman and,

* *Quaker Pioneers in Russia*, p. 68.

calmly saying, 'The Lord has taken it,' held out his hand for the next. Stranger still was the fact that the mother accepted his version, and considered herself an object for envy rather than for commiseration."*

After eight years at Okta, part of the family moved to Shoosharry, leaving the eldest son, William, in charge at their old home. It is interesting to note that, though placed in such a remote and desolate situation, Daniel Wheeler refused military protection, remarking, "I trust that my confidence in the all-sufficiency of the Divine arm (which hath so often and so eminently preserved and supported us) will never be at so low an ebb as to induce me to place dependence upon the arm of flesh for protection."

In 1830, on account of his wife's health, Daniel Wheeler returned for a short time to England. He went back in June of next year, but it was not to be for long. The Heavenly Guide who had led him with his family into a strange country, was now preparing him for a greater trial of faith, as the needs of the heathen in the far distant islands of the Pacific weighed upon his mind. On the 3rd July, 1832, the Imperial sanction was given to an arrangement by which he was to resign his position, and to be succeeded in the work by his eldest son. He sailed for England on the 20th of that month, leaving his wife and children in Russia. So, after thirty-two years of happy married life, they parted, both being willing to sacrifice their own feelings in the service of their Lord.

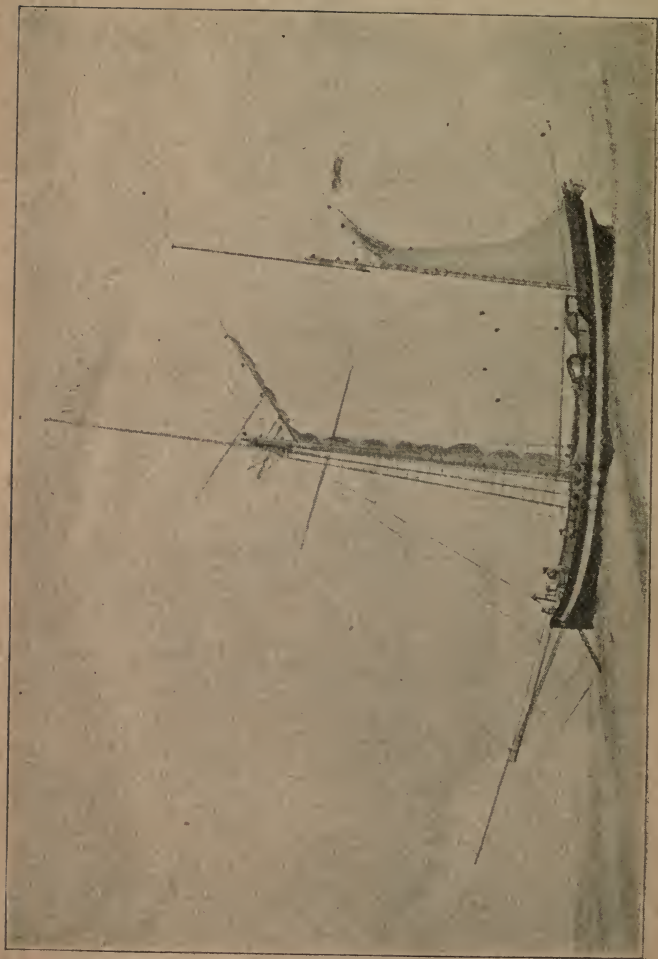
* *Quaker Pioneers in Russia*, p. 58.

CHAPTER III.

EARLY in September Daniel Wheeler arrived in England, and soon was able to lay before the members of the Society of Friends the call that he had received. It was at the Monthly Meeting held in Doncaster on the 13th September that (he writes), "I was strengthened to spread before Friends the prospect which had been presented to the view of my mind of visiting in the love of the gospel the inhabitants of some of the islands of the Pacific Ocean, New South Wales, and Van Diemen's Land."

To us, to-day even, this would seem a serious undertaking for one in his 61st year, but we can scarcely conceive what it meant in those days when there were no trains and no steamers.

In due course the matter was brought before the "Morning Meeting" in London, the body at that time authorised to deal with such matters on behalf of the whole Society of Friends, and, after hearing further explanations, the Meeting gave him its full and hearty sympathy and help. Soon after this, when on a visit to the home of Joseph John Gurney, at Earlham, in Norfolk, he was seized with illness and, while recovering, received the sad news that his wife and three children had been attacked by fever, and that after nine days illness his wife had passed away. After the first stun-



THE HENRY FREELING.

From a Pencil Sketch, in Friends' Reference Library, London.

ning effect of the stroke which, he says, "filled my heart with anguish indescribable and irresistible," had a little subsided, he found some alleviation in the thought that his dearest one was spared "the suspense and anxiety which my long silence must have unavoidably occasioned . . . when separated by mighty oceans, together with the expectation of my being amongst barbarous nations and exposed to various hardships."

While the preparations for the voyage were in progress, Daniel Wheeler visited his family in Russia, and had the great joy of his son Charles offering to go with him on his journey as a companion.

The Committee appointed by the "Meeting for Sufferings" to make the arrangements decided to purchase the *Henry Freeling*, a little vessel of a hundred tons register, which, manned by a Temperance crew, should be available for the voyage, and also for sailing from island to island.

Then a strange thing happened. They sailed from the Thames on the 13th November, 1833; on the 21st were overtaken by a heavy storm which drove them to take shelter near the Isle of Wight; and not till the 15th March, 1834, could they continue their journey. When at last they started they had a prosperous voyage as far as the Equator, where they were becalmed, so decided to make for Rio de Janeiro for supplies.

Some meetings were held with the English residents in Rio, and on 29th May the *Henry Freeling* started once more on what proved a very perilous voyage round the

Cape of Good Hope. Again and again it seemed as if the little bark must be overwhelmed by the mountainous seas. On one occasion, when the storm had raged violently for many hours, an incident occurred which Daniel Wheeler thus narrates :—" Whilst trying to get some breakfast, one of the men called down to inform us that there was a sight worth looking at on deck ; it was a large collection of a species of whale close by the ship ; there were perhaps more than two hundred of these animals close to us, each about twelve feet long. The man at the helm said that they served as a breakwater for us ; they occupied a considerable portion of the surface of the sea, in the exact direction between the vessel and the wind and waves, reaching so near to us that some of them might have been struck with a harpoon ; they remained constantly swimming in gentle and steady order, as if to maintain the position of a regular phalanx, and I suggested that nothing should be done to frighten them away.

" It was openly remarked by some that not one sea had broken on board us while they occupied their useful post, and when they at last retired, it was perceived that the waves did not rage with the same violence as before they came to our relief. I give this wonderful circumstance just as it occurred, and if any should be disposed to view it as a thing of chance *I* do not, for I believe it to be one of the great and marvellous works of the Lord God Almighty."

The weather continued to be tempestuous, and about a fortnight later an awful storm burst on them. The

men had to be lashed upon the deck to prevent their being washed away, in the midst of terrific lightning, sleet and rain. Then sudden darkness gathered round the desolate little vessel, and the wind increased to a hurricane, blowing with such force that it laid the waves and made the ocean a level sheet of foam.

Again and again for weeks did these fearful storms return, the sea sometimes pouring in torrents over the deck, the vessel trembling from stem to stern.

After more than three months of this they anchored in safety off Hobart Town. Here, with great pleasure, they met two members of the Society of Friends who were also on a missionary journey—James Backhouse and George Washington Walker. Joint meetings were held here and in New South Wales, and quantities of Friends' tracts distributed. In fact, throughout his long journey Daniel Wheeler was careful to seize suitable opportunities for such distribution. Thus, on one occasion, he writes: "By the mission an opportunity is afforded for an extensive circulation of the sacred writings, and other books of a religious nature. We have accordingly furnished a supply of the Scriptures in the English, French, Spanish, and Portuguese languages. A large quantity of Friends' tracts and of those from the Tract Society were also selected for distribution through this channel."

Leaving Sydney, 13th February, 1835, they sailed for the Society Islands, and reached Tahiti after a voyage of eleven weeks.

After the many months of wandering over the wild waste of the sea, storm-driven, tempest-tost, it must have been welcome indeed to the weary travellers to behold the wonderful beauty of these far-off southern isles, encircled with protecting coral, and decked with waving palms. But sweeter still would be the fact that they had reached the "desired haven," where they felt they were called of God to minister. Tahiti, the largest and most important of the Society Islands, is thirty-two miles long, and "has all the characteristics of prodigal beauty for which the islands are famed." Their first introduction to the islanders was a visit from four of them who came in a canoe with oranges, guavas, etc., which were purchased for three small needles and thread to each individual. Daniel Wheeler, after this bargain, quaintly remarks, "We were all pleased with the openness and simplicity of these people." Daniel Wheeler was rejoiced to hear from the pilot that, "the total prohibition of spirituous liquors has been so strongly enforced, that they have taken them out of private houses without exception, and thrown them away; and the natives have carried it to the length of smelling the breath of people, to ascertain whether they had been used, and if found to be the case a severe fine was imposed." So, in some respects, Tahiti was ahead of England.

He soon received a call from the resident missionary, George Pritchard, and arranged with him for a conference with all the missionaries of the district.

The queen and chiefs were present, and all the earlier part of the proceedings was conducted in the Tahitian language, including the reading of Daniel Wheeler's certificates (the credentials sent forth on such occasions by the Society of Friends), which were listened to with marked attention. Then, after a short time of silence, Daniel Wheeler gave a short address, G. Pritchard interpreting; one of the chiefs cordially responded, thanking him for coming so far "over the deep waters to see them and do them good," and hoping he would "visit all their schools and stroke the heads of the children." After the meeting the natives of all ranks and ages flocked around the two strangers, eager to shake hands with them. From 800 to 1,000 were present.

Daniel Wheeler remained at Tahiti until the autumn of 1835, visiting the different stations, which sometimes involved very perilous boating. On one occasion, visiting Tiarei, on the east coast, they had to row in the open sea, and enter through a narrow passage in the coral reef in the darkness of night. The boat struck on a rock. The "Tahitians immediately jumped into the sea, and did all they could to save the boat," and finally carried the passengers on their shoulders to land.

From the missionaries of every denomination, through all his wanderings in those far Southern Seas, he ever received the right hand of fellowship. He never put aside or threw into the shade those testimonies which, as a "Friend," he felt called upon to bear, but he so held and advocated them as to win only respect from others.

He generally sat through the service, and at its close delivered his message pointing the people to Him who had died to redeem them from all iniquity, who was called Jesus because He should save His people from their sins, who was present still by His Holy Spirit to guide into all truth; who would not be satisfied with the mere homage of the lips, but called for the obedience of heart and life, and who had Himself declared that God must be worshipped in spirit and in truth.

Daniel Wheeler did not forget the crews of the whalers and other vessels that might be in the various ports, having meetings for them on ship-board. He supplied them with Bibles, Testaments and tracts, remarking on one occasion, "The shipping in general are eager to receive everything of the kind while on these long and tedious voyages." The deep shame and sorrow with which he saw the misery and ruin brought into these islands by English and American vessels, made him only the more earnest to try to reach the seamen.

From the natives of Tahiti he met with much kindness. He and his son were invited to "feedings" where a pig would be roasted whole on hot stones, covered over with leaves and wood ashes, etc. They drank the milk of young cocoa-nuts; and water from the Pacific made a good substitute for salt. Daniel Wheeler always took care that the value of the "feedings" should be returned in clothing, nails and other useful articles.

Before he left the island, the queen showed her appreciation of the disinterestedness of her visitors by remitting the harbour dues on the *Henry Freeling*,

saying :—" I do away with the money for the anchoring of the vessel. This is the reason why I do away with it, because thine is a visit of love, and not a trading voyage."

After this Daniel Wheeler called on the Queen to take leave of her. He writes : " We found her sitting on the steps at the back-door with several of her chiefs squatting round about her, one of whom had been reading to the others, until interrupted by our approach. The king was sitting on the wall, eating part of a cocoa-nut."

Before leaving Tahiti, a meeting was held on board the *Henry Freeling* for all who could speak English. To these, all unaccustomed to the Friends' mode of worship, Daniel Wheeler first explained the quiet waiting upon God, and the working of the Holy Spirit in the hearts of worshippers, contrasting the worship under the law with that under the present glorious gospel dispensation, unlimited as to time and place.

The *Henry Freeling* then set sail for the neighbouring island of Eimeo, and anchored in Taloo harbour, " a most romantic spot, surrounded by almost perpendicular hills, towering nearly four thousand feet, with a broken fantastic outline. Its scenery is wilder and more diversified, and the ridges are much more angular and rugged than those of Tahiti."

At a meeting held on this island he warned the people strongly of the dangers of strong drink. " Several of the people went out," continued the Journal " when strong drink was mentioned; but the queen (Pomare V.) and her party, with all the principal authorities and judges from Tahiti, as well as those from this island, were

present and remained to the last. . . Only one man and one woman ventured to shake hands with me. Paofai, one of the principal chiefs, told A. Simpson that he wished, in reply to my testimony, borne in the meeting, to have said on behalf of the natives of these islands and himself that he hoped I would go to Britain and beg the people to have mercy on them, and then go to America, and beg the people there also to have mercy on them, because it was these countries that sent the poison amongst them."

The island of Huahine was their next destination; it was supposed that about 1,000 persons out of the whole population of 1,760 were present at the meeting, Charles Barff, the missionary, acting as interpreter. Then followed Raiatea, Tahaa, and Bolabola, other islands of the group.

Two years had now elapsed since the *Henry Freeling* had left England, and yet the task seemed only begun. Another voyage of six weeks' duration brought them to the Sandwich Islands, and they anchored in the harbour of Honolulu, 26th December, 1835.

In one of the meetings held here he urged his hearers to listen to the promptings of the Holy Spirit who shows us our sins, and our exceeding sinfulness. "The effect will be godly sorrow unto repentance. . . Our sins will be . . . blotted out for ever for His sake. . . We shall be . . . ransomed and redeemed from our sins by the blood of Jesus. . . Unless we witness this for ourselves, and know from heart-felt experience Christ Jesus to save us from our sins, He is no Saviour of ours ;

and if we die in our sins, where He is we can never come."

The resident missionary, Hiram Bingham, was most helpful in many ways, and, when they left for Hawaii, sent a letter to D. B. Lynam and Titus Coan, who laboured on that island, asking their good offices for Daniel Wheeler and his son.

When Joel Bean, of San José, California, a Minister well known among Friends, visited Titus Coan, he wrote of him:—"Dear and noble veteran of the Cross! In the spirit of the Master and by the grace of God, he did large and blessed service, and in no common degree he possessed and exhibited that catholicity of spirit, that breadth and depth of Christian love, which brings into joyful realisation the fact attested in the Gospel, that the children of God, of every nation and denomination, are 'all brethren,' and one Church and one Body in Christ Jesus the Head."

How refreshing and helpful to the spirits of both would be the fellowship of these kindred souls, serving the same Master in different ways. A question is sometimes raised as to the relative usefulness of the continuous work of the resident missionary and the evanescent character of the flying visit of these Ambassadors of Christ. But each work had its place; one plants, another waters; the same Divine Master owned the work of the one and sent the other to strengthen, encourage and confirm. The only thing is to be faithful to the call that comes.

Daniel Wheeler describes a visit he paid on this island to a magnificent waterfall, "The Cascade of Rainbow," and adds that in the days of heathenism, "little native children were hurled by their parents into this rainbowed gulf to check the increase of population."

As the missionaries from all the islands were just assembling at Honolulu for their Annual Assembly, the travellers returned to avail themselves of this providential opportunity, and were able to transport some of the missionaries in the *Henry Freeling*.

Daniel Wheeler attended the meeting, and was shown into the moderator's seat : "I was largely drawn forth," continues David Wheeler, "to speak of the vast importance of the work in which they had engaged, and to arouse them to a sense of the responsibility it involved ; recommending them to take counsel of the Holy Spirit of the Lord Jesus, for the same shall judge us at the last day. I had much to express to them in great plainness of speech, under the overshadowing power of that love which maketh not afraid ; reminding them of the many blessed seasons we had been permitted to witness together on the different islands, when the Divine presence was as a crown and diadem over those large assemblies of the people. That 'faith which works by love,' and the true supper of the Lord, were also largely held up to their view."

After attending more meetings Daniel Wheeler finally left the Sandwich Islands. The assembled missionaries, twenty-seven in number, sent him a beautiful and touching farewell address, to which he sent a grateful reply.

CHAPTER IV.

RECROSSING the Equator, they once more entered the Southern Hemisphere, and made their way to the Hervey Islands, the largest of which is Rarotonga.

Charles Pitman, whom they had met at Tahiti, welcomed them to this his mission-field. "As we drew nigh the strand," says Daniel Wheeler, "it became densely covered with an innumerable host of children, who at once hailed us as their friends; it was with difficulty that we could pass along, as these delighted little naked fellows completely choked up the avenue through a grove of bananas which leads to the mission-house, struggling who should first get hold of our hands; and if but a finger could be laid hold of it seemed quite to satisfy them."

Visiting an inland station, Avarua, eight strong natives carried him in turns on their shoulders. When, in spite of these difficulties, they arrived, "we had a fine meeting," he writes, "more than 2,500 persons being present."

After another tiring journey, he had an experience which in those days when *massage* was not so much practised as now, seemed very peculiar:—"Several of the young women applied through Charles Pitman,"

he writes, " for permission to rub my feet, legs and knees, in the manner in which they are accustomed to perform the operations on the persons of their chiefs, when greatly fatigued ; saying that I had had a very long journey that day, and must be weary and in need of what they could do. I was not very partial to this method of relief, but did not like to appear to slight their simple offer ; but I was afterwards surprised to find in how short a time all aches and pains of weariness were entirely removed by their persevering diligence—several of them were at work at the same time, and trying who could do the most."

Thence their course was to the Friendly Isles, Vavau, the most northerly, being first visited. Here they found the same open door for preaching the unsearchable riches of Christ.

Arriving at the island of Tongataboo, Daniel Wheeler felt led to visit a heathen chief residing at Mua. While he and his son were allowed to land, their missionary companion was at first refused, and they went ashore alone and unarmed. They heard afterwards that twenty muskets were levelled at them from behind a wooden fence, to be in readiness should any affray begin. But the chief was very friendly, in a little while sending for the missionary, and after hearing what Daniel Wheeler had to communicate, telling him that he had done well in coming.

In 1836, just three years after leaving London, they left Tongataboo for New Zealand. Here they were warmly greeted by the members of the Church

of England Mission ; and one of the clergymen, when he had finished his own service, threw aside his surplice to stand by the Quaker stranger's side and interpret for him.

Daniel Wheeler united in the general testimony that the Maories are a fine race, though fierce and warlike, and not so teachable as the South Sea Islanders.

To New South Wales the *Henry Freeling* next turned her course. Here the travellers had the joy of meeting their friends James Backhouse and George Washington Walker, from whom they had parted nearly two years before. About five months were spent quietly at Sydney. The vessel which had carried them several thousand miles in calm and tempest was sold, as had been arranged before they left England, the ship's company discharged, and the surplus stores disposed of. Whilst here, Daniel Wheeler received news of the death of his eldest son, William.

On the 31st July, Daniel Wheeler and his son left Sydney for Hobart Town, and again met their friends. Before the close of the year, which had already brought such sorrow, tidings came from Russia of another death, this time of his beloved daughter, Jane.

" Although," he writes, " this was sudden at last and truly overwhelming for a time, yet the mercy and goodness of our Heavenly Father soon changed the strain of sorrow into that of adoration and thanksgiving, binding up all the wounds of affliction in the healing virtue of His everlasting love : for her end had

been truly peaceful ; death was deprived of its sting, and the grave of its victory. Thus the eldest and the youngest of my flock have been gathered since we left them, into the arms of everlasting mercy."

Two days later they embarked for London by way of Cape Horn, and four months and twenty days from the time of their leaving Tasmania they reached their destination in safety, though, partly owing to the lack of vegetables on board, and scarcity of water, the health of Charles Wheeler had become seriously impaired.

After more than four years of service in those far-off lands, and after all those perils of the deep, it would not have been surprising if the veteran had welcomed rest and clung to home and the dear ones who remained. But, amid all the dangers he had passed through, one fact had tended to assure him of ultimate safety, and that was the firm conviction which he had that further labours awaited him after the conclusion of these. The place even, North America, was made clear to his mind. Consequently, his joy at meeting his friends was mingled with a burden, a sense of coming separation. When at length he placed the matter before Friends, he received their cordial sympathy and encouragement. He paid a visit to the surviving members of his family at Shoosharry, then returned to England, and sailed from Liverpool for New York, 25th November, 1838. It was a great trial to him to have to leave behind him his son, who had been his close companion in his wanderings.

He arrived in New York on New Year's Day, 1839, and attended the Yearly Meetings of Philadelphia, Virginia, New England, Ohio, and New York. He records some remarkable instances of Divine guidance and preservation when travelling.

It was a time of difficulty ; there were doctrinal differences and divisions ; and we find Daniel Wheeler in one place speaking of a Friend to whose ministry he listened, " His doctrine was guarded, and condemnable rather for what he had not spoken, than for what he did speak."

A remark he makes about another meeting has in it great encouragement to individual faithfulness, and shows that words, simple and few, spoken under right guidance, may be owned of God. He says : " Although a considerable body of valuable Friends was collected, everything was like iron and brass about us ; my mouth was completely sealed up, until the meeting was about two-thirds over, when a Friend stood up in the body of the meeting and expressed a few sentences. This was what had to be waited for, and now my bonds were broken asunder, and my tongue loosed."

Before his service in the United States was completed, he received such disturbing accounts of the health of his family that he felt obliged to return to Europe. He found Charles fast sinking—at St. Germain's, near Paris, and was privileged to be with him at his peaceful end.

Shortly after this he again embarked, " called," in the words of Whittier,

“ . . . from all which Nature holdeth dear,
Feeble with years and worn with pain,
To seek our distant land again,
Bound in the spirit, yet unknowing
The things that should befall thee there—
Whether of ministry or death,
In childlike faith serenely going
To that last trial of thy faith ! ”

He caught cold on the voyage, and was landed in New York in a very feeble condition. Though he received every kindness and attention, he never permanently rallied.

In less than three weeks from the time of his reaching America he peacefully passed away, leaving the testimony that “ he had the same faith that had been with him through life, founded upon the Gospel of Christ.”

He fell asleep in Jesus the 12th of June, 1840, aged sixty-nine years.

In telling the stories of these Quaker worthies, our desire is not to glorify them or the Society they loved, but to show that under all circumstances the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ is the power of God unto Salvation to everyone that believeth, and wherever it is faithfully proclaimed in the power of the Holy Spirit, it finds hearts willing to receive it. May we who live in days of wonderful material and intellectual progress, emulate these worthies of old in whole-hearted consecration and in humble following of the Heavenly Guide. Let us not be slothful, but followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises.

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